

THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

August 1920.

Price ONE PENNY.



At the Seaside.

T. NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

"My First Book" Series

2s. net each.

NEW TITLES :—

MY FIRST BOOK OF ALL.
MY FIRST BOOK OF ANIMALS.
MY FIRST FAIRY STORY BOOK.
MY FIRST NURSERY RHYME BOOK.
MY FIRST BOOK OF BIRDS.
MY FIRST BOOK OF GEOGRAPHY.
TINY TOTS' FIRST BOOK.

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, Ltd.
LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

TWO MOST POPULAR SERIES OF JUVENILE BOOKS.

"Shown to the Children" Series.

CLOTH, **3s. 6d.** NET.

Beasts.

Birds.

Flowers.

Sea Shore.

The Farm.

Trees.

Butterflies.

Nests and Eggs.

Stars.

Gardens.

Bees.

Architecture.

The Earth.

The Army.

The Navy.

Ships and Seafaring.

Railways.

Work and Workers.

"Told to the Children" Series.

CLOTH, **2s.** NET.

Stories from Chaucer.

Stories from the Faerie Queene.

Little Plays.

The Rose and the Ring.

Tanglewood Tales.

Stories from Grimm.

Æsop's Fables.

Stories from the Iliad.

Simple Susan.

Stories from Wagner.

Gulliver's Travels.

Nursery Rhymes.

Stories of William Tell.

Stories from the Odyssey.

The Heroes.

Stories of King Arthur's Knights.

Robinson Crusoe.

Stories from the Arabian Nights.

Stories from the Life of Christ.

Stories from Shakespeare.

The Pilgrim's Progress.

Undine.

Nursery Tales.

Stories of Robin Hood.

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

The Water Babies.

Old Testament Stories.

Stories from Don Quixote.

BOLD TYPE. SIMPLE LANGUAGE. BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS.

T. C. & E. C. JACK, Ltd., London and Edinburgh.

THE CHILDREN'S PAPER



PRINCE HAL AND JUDGE GASCOIGNE. *See page 152.*

(From the picture by C. W. Cope, R.A., in the House of Lords.)

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD., LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

Straight as a Die.

JIM STONE was the head boy of the Seafield National School. He was fourteen years of age; a sturdy, well-set-up lad, who was equally at home in the playing field and at the desk. He was to leave school after the summer holidays and become an apprentice with his elder brother, who had set up for himself as a motor and cycle repairer in the neighbouring town of Crowburgh.

Jim had done well at school. Year by year he had carried off the first prize in his class for general proficiency, and his teachers had always looked upon him as a model boy. Naturally he was anxious to finish up well. It was generally considered that he would carry off the Silver Watch at the forthcoming summer examination. Indeed he had not a serious rival.

The Silver Watch was presented to the school every year by the squire of the parish. He always set the examination paper himself, and awarded the prize after he had with his own hand marked the answers of the competitors. It was usually a strange sort of paper that he set. It included bits of geography, bits of history, a few tricky sums, and some questions on what the squire called common sense and common observation. You can easily understand that it was a difficult paper to prepare for. Only an all-round boy could expect to do well.

It was the Friday afternoon before the Monday on which the examination

was to take place. Mr. Gray, the headmaster, was taking the first class in their classroom when the time came for marking the registers.

"Stone," said Mr. Gray, "please get the register out of my desk. Here is the key."

Jim went into the big room and unlocked the desk. Just as he was about to pick up the register he saw a little pile of cyclostyled sheets, headed "Silver Watch Examination." A sudden temptation assailed him. "No one will ever know," he said to himself, and picking up the top sheet he deftly transferred it to his pocket. He then took out the register, relocked the desk, and returned to the classroom.

Five minutes later he realized what he had done. He had not been guilty of many dishonourable things in his life, and his conscience began to prick him sorely. He went hot and cold by turns as he thought of the meanness of his theft, and of the disgrace that would be bound to follow if he were discovered. He determined that he would restore the paper if he had a chance. As he had not looked at the questions, nobody would be any the worse. Perhaps Mr. Gray would send him back with the register.

Alas! Mr. Gray took the register back to the desk himself. Jim's only chance had gone.

He spent a wretched afternoon in school, and there was the prospect of a still more wretched evening at home.

"Why, Jim, whatever is the matter?" asked his mother when she saw

his glum face. "You look as if you had lost a shilling and found sixpence."

Jim muttered something about toothache, and said he would just go across and see Bob Wilkins about the cricket match to-morrow. He would soon be better.

"It's a queer cure for toothache," said his mother; "but you know best."

Jim had no intention of discussing cricketering affairs with Bob Wilkins. He had made the excuse in order that he might get out of the house and be alone with his trouble. He wanted to think over his position and decide what was to be done. By the time he had walked down the lane on to the marsh he simply hated himself for yielding to the sudden temptation. For two pins he would have cried aloud.

He was just about to take the guilty paper out of his pocket and tear it into a thousand shreds when he saw a dark figure approaching. It was Mr. Watkins, the curate.

"Hallo, Jim," he said, "brooding alone? I have just been doing that. I have had a letter to-day that has torn a big hole in my life. My college chum, the man I loved dearer than a brother, has been killed in a frontier fight away up on the mountains in the north-west of India. The post that brought me the news of his death also brought me the last letter that he ever wrote. Poor chap! to be cut off in his prime, before his work was done. I can't help grieving, though I know it's all for the best. He has left the memory of a fine, sterling God-fearing man behind him, and that is a help to

every one who knew him and loved him."

Jim said he was sorry to hear the sad news.

"Thank you, Jim," said the curate. "The motto on his notepaper was, 'Straight as a die.' I can't think of a better; can you?"

The curate shook hands and walked on. Jim watched his retreating figure, while the words "straight as a die" kept ringing in his brain. That could never be said of him. No; "mean as a hound" was more like it. At once he determined he would make what amends he could. He wouldn't sink any deeper into the mire if he could help it. He would go straight to Mr. Gray and make a clean breast of it. Off he started towards the school-master's house; but as he opened the gate and walked up the path his heart began to fail him. For a moment he hesitated, but the words "straight as a die" came to his lips and strengthened his faltering resolution. Mr. Gray was at home, and Jim was ushered into his presence.

"I've come to confess, sir," he said. "This afternoon, when you sent me to your desk for the register, I stole a copy of the 'Silver Watch Examination' paper. I haven't looked at it; but that is no excuse, sir. I don't know what made me do it, but I know I wouldn't do it again for anything you could offer me."

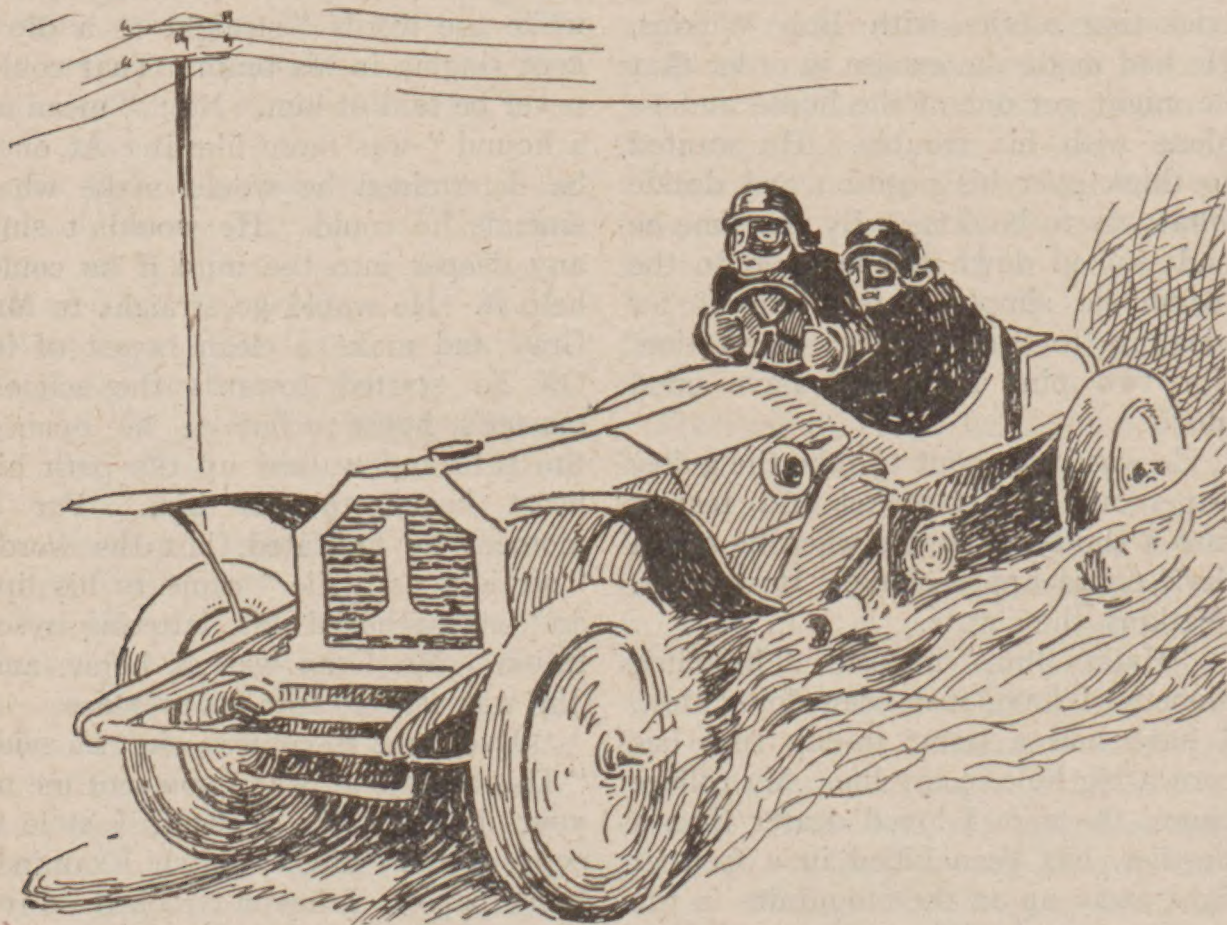
He handed the paper to the school-master, and with a beating heart awaited his reply.

Mr. Gray looked steadily at him for a few moments.

"I'm truly sorry to hear this," he said; "but I am very glad that you have had the moral courage to come and confess your wrongdoing. You seem to realize how greatly you have erred, so I'll say no more. But, Stone, my boy, there must be punishment for sin. Take it like a man, and let it be a lesson to you for life."

can't let you take the examination on Monday."

It was a bitter blow. Jim had set his heart on leaving school with the Silver Watch, and now he was not only to lose it, but not to be allowed to compete for it. The other fellows would guess that something was wrong, and all sorts of rumours would be



"It shall, sir," said Jim. "I'll bear any punishment, and be glad of it."

Mr. Gray looked at the examination paper which Jim had handed to him.

"This is last year's paper," he said; "but that does not lessen your guilt. You thought it was this year's paper when you took it. Clearly, Stone, I

flying about. Father would be terribly grieved too.

"Never mind," said Jim to himself. "'Straight as a die' is the motto. I shall get over it."

He moved towards the door.

"Wait a moment," said the schoolmaster. "I want to shake hands with

you. Believe me, I think none the worse, but rather the better, of you. We all have our temptations. You have not resisted yours, but you have done the next best thing: you have confessed, and you are prepared to take your punishment."

At this Jim broke down utterly. But, after all, a great load had been lifted off his mind. He felt happy even in his tears.

Jim strolled gently home, fully determined to tell his father everything as soon as possible. He meant to be "straight as a die" for the rest of his life.

At the crossroads he was startled by the sound of a motor horn. He turned quickly, and saw a big car coming down the hill at a furious speed. It was evident that something was wrong: the driver had lost control.

Then he saw a sight which chilled his blood. A little six-year-old girl was standing in the middle of the road, right in the path of the motor.

Jim shouted; but the child paid no heed. She seemed fascinated by the sight of the great car dashing towards her.

Without a moment's hesitation Jim flew towards the child. He picked her up and threw her forward. Then something hit him terribly hard, and he knew no more.

* * * * *

The doctor said it was concussion of the brain, and that it had been "touch and go" with poor Jim. Nearly three months passed before he was out and about again. Then, while he was still pale and weak, came a great

surprise. One morning Mr. Gray called, and said that Jim and his father and mother must come to school that afternoon at three o'clock.

As soon as Jim appeared at the door of the school he heard a great burst of clapping and cheering.

"What's it for?" he asked, turning to his mother.

"It's for you, dear," she said.

So it was, and so was the silver medal which the vicar pinned on his breast, after telling the school how proud they ought to be that one of their number had proved himself a real hero.

Remembered his Manners.

EVEN the brightest boy in the class can be scared into stupidity by the wrong kind of teacher.

"You boy over in the corner!" cried the man behind the desk.

The boy over in the corner shot up like a bolt.

"Answer this," said the examiner.

"Do we eat the flesh of the whale?"

"Y-y-yes, sir," faltered the scholar.

"And what," pursued the examiner, "do we do with the bones?"

"P-please, sir," responded the boy, "we l-leave them on the s-s-sides of our p-plates."

LITTLE Molly was crying bitterly, and her mother asked her what was wrong.

"My new shoes hurt me!" sniffed Molly.

"No wonder! You've got them on the wrong feet!"

Still uncomforted, the child sobbed, "I haven't any other feet."

The Pillar of Fire.

THE STORY OF MOSES AND HIS TIMES.

BY ROY DAWSON, M.A. (OXON.).

CHAPTER XV.

THEN Og the giant had to be met and overcome. Og was an immense man, and the most celebrated bully of that day. He lived in a fastness known as Argob, a castle on a great rock rising suddenly from the fertile plain of Bashan. All sorts of awful tales were told of his cruelties, and of the outrages of his soldiery. But the day came when the giant fell. His castle was taken by a bold attack by two heroes of the clan of Manasseh; Og himself was slain, and Moses' soldiers carried off in triumph the great stone "bedstead" or coffin that belonged to the famous giant. Other victories followed, till before long the whole country between the rivers Arnon and Jabbok submitted to Moses' rule. Then followed victory after victory, till the whole of Eastern Palestine was conquered.

This was the last campaign of the great leader. The river Jordan lay between Israel and the Promised Land; but Moses knew it was not God's will that he should himself cross the river. His work here was ended, and he felt that the end of the journey drew near. His last word to his people was one of earnest advice to follow God's commandments. In his wonderful speech to the army the great general who had brought them all that way, and whose genius God had used to build up that

slave race into a nation, gave them their "marching orders." "See, I have set before you this day life and good, death and evil; . . . therefore choose life that ye may live; . . . for He, *the Lord*, is your life."

Joshua was the man whom he chose to succeed him as leader. Moses was in every sense a king, but he founded no dynasty. He left the command of his people to the bravest soldier in his army. No better man than Joshua could have been chosen. He was a born soldier, and a man whom other men loved and followed. But Joshua was not a lawgiver or an ecclesiastic. How could another man be found who like Moses was a great general, a great lawyer, a great poet and historian, a great ecclesiastic, and a great prophet! Moses carefully left the written laws of Israel in the charge of the priests, together with the chiefs of the Israelite clans.

And so the prophet-king prepared to leave this world and its work. The last picture we have of Moses is the sight of the old man as he and Joshua and his chiefs slowly made their way up the side of Mount Pisgah. The whole multitude watched him go, and hardly would they let him leave them. Perhaps even then they did not realize that they would never see their leader again. Moses himself wished to have a last view of the Promised Land from the top of the mountain—the land he had looked forward to all through those long active years of his work. In the low plain of Jordan the army of Israel lay encamped. As Moses mounted ridge by ridge he could see the great camp

below him—the people he had given himself and his life to save.

Up and up the old man climbed, till a shoulder of Pisgah hid Israel from

The Dragon-fly and the Water-lily.

IN among the green bushes and trees ran the brook. Tall, straight-growing rushes stood along its banks, and whispered to the wind. Out in the middle of the water floated the water-lily, with its white flower and its broad green leaves.

Generally it was quite calm on the brook. But when, now and again, it chanced that the wind took a little turn over it, there was a rustle in the rushes, and the water-lily sometimes ducked completely under the waves. Then its leaves were lifted up in the air and stood on their edges, so that the thick green stalks that came up from the very bottom of the stream found that it was all they could do to hold fast.



his view. Then on to the peak where stood an ancient sanctuary of early man; and Moses saw below him the land of promise—"the land that flowed with milk and honey."

Still upward he went, and at last he halted and sent Joshua and Eliezer and the chieftains back again to the camp of Israel. And so Moses was left alone.

* * * * *

The Jews had a beautiful saying about their great lawgiver: "Then the Almighty with a divine kiss removed the soul of Moses." There, on the top of Pisgah, God took Moses to Himself.

THE END



All day long the larva of the dragon-fly was crawling up and down the water-lily's stalk.

"Dear me, how stupid it must be

148 The Dragon-fly and the Water-lily.

to be a water-lily ! ” it said, and peeped up at the flower.

“ You chatter as a person of your small mind might be expected to do,” answered the water-lily. “ It is just the very nicest thing there is.”

“ I don’t understand that,” said the larva. “ I should like at this moment to tear myself away, and fly about in the air like the big, beautiful dragon-flies.”

“ Pooh ! ” said the water-lily. “ That



would be a funny kind of pleasure. No ; to lie still on the water and dream, to bask in the sun, and now and then to be rocked up and down by the waves—there’s some sense in *that* ! ”

The larva sat thinking for a minute or two.

“ I have a longing for something greater,” it said at last. “ If I had my will, I would be a dragon-fly. I would fly on strong, stiff wings along the stream, kiss your white flower, rest a

moment on your leaves, and then fly on.”

“ You are ambitious,” answered the water-lily, “ and that is stupid of you. One knows what one has, but one does not know what one may get. May I, by the way, make so bold as to ask you how you would set about becoming a dragon-fly ? You don’t look as if that was what you were born for. In any case, you will have to grow a little prettier, you gray, ugly thing.”

“ Yes, that is the worst part of it,” the larva answered sadly. “ I don’t know myself how it will come about, but I hope it *will* come about some time or other. That is why I crawl about down here and eat all the little creatures I can get hold of.”

“ Then you think you can attain to something great *by feeding* ! ” the water-lily said, with a laugh. “ That would be a funny way of getting up in the world.”

“ Yes ; but I believe it is the right way for me ! ” cried the dragon-fly grub earnestly. “ All day long I go on eating till I get fat and big ; and one fine day, as I think, all my fat will turn into wings with gold on them, and everything else that belongs to a proper dragon-fly ! ”

The water-lily shook its clever white head.

“ Put away your silly thoughts,” it said, “ and be content with your lot. You can knock about undisturbed down here among my leaves, and crawl up and down the stalk to your heart’s desire. You have everything that you need, and no cares or worries ; what more do you want ? ”

"You are of a low nature," answered the larva, "and therefore you have no sense of higher things. In spite of what you say, I wish to become a dragon-fly." And then it crawled right down to the bottom of the water to catch more creatures and stuff itself still bigger.

But the water-lily lay quietly on the water and thought things over.

"I can't understand these animals," it said to itself. "They knock about from morning till night, chase one another and eat one another, and are never at peace. We flowers have more

the same it was not altogether happy. It was speculating on what the water-lily had said, and it could hardly get to sleep the whole night long on account of its unquiet thoughts. All this speculating gave it a headache, for it was work which it was not used to. It had a back-ache too, and a stomach-ache. It felt just as though it was going to break to pieces, and die on the spot.

When the sky began to grow gray in the early morning it could hold out no longer.

"I can't make it out," it said in despair. "I am tormented and worried,



sense. Peacefully and quietly we grow up side by side, bask in the sunshine, and drink the rain, and take everything as it comes. And I am the luckiest of them all. Many a time have I been floating happily out here on the water, while the other flowers there on dry land were tormented with drought. The flowers' lot is the best; but naturally the stupid animals can't see it."

When the sun went down the dragon-fly larva was sitting on the stalk, saying nothing, with its legs drawn up under it. It had eaten ever so many little creatures, and was so big that it had a feeling as if it would burst. But all

and I don't know what will be the end of it. Perhaps the water-lily is right, and I shall never be anything else but a poor, miserable larva. But that is a fearful thing to think of. I did so long to become a dragon-fly and fly about in the sun. Oh, my back! my back! I do believe I am dying!"

It had a feeling as if its back was splitting, and it shrieked with pain. At that moment there was a rustle among the rushes on the bank of the stream.

"That is the morning breeze," thought the larva; "I shall at least see the sun when I die." And with

150 The Dragon-fly and the Water-lily.

great trouble it crawled up one of the leaves of the water-lily, stretched out its legs, and made ready to die.

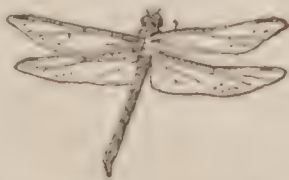
But when the sun rose, like a red ball, in the east, suddenly it felt a



hole in the middle of its back. It had a creepy, tickling feeling, and then a feeling of tightness and oppression. Oh, it was torture without end!

Being bewildered, it closed its eyes; but it still felt as though it were being squeezed and crushed. At last it suddenly noticed that it was free; and when it opened its eyes it was floating through the air on stiff, shining wings, a beautiful dragon-fly. Down on the leaf of the water-lily lay its ugly gray larva case.

"Hurrah!" cried the new dragon-fly. "So I have got my darling wish fulfilled!" and it started off at once through the air at such a rate that



you would think it had to fly to the ends of the earth.

"The creature has got its desire at any rate," thought the water-lily. "Let us see if it will be any the happier for it."

Two days later the dragon-fly came flying back, and seated itself on the flower of the water-lily.

"Oh, good-morning," said the water-lily. "Do I see you once more? I thought you had grown too fine to greet your old friends."

"Good-day," said the dragon-fly. "Where shall I lay my eggs?"

"Oh, you are sure to find some place," answered the flower. "Sit down for a bit, and tell me if you are any happier now than when you were crawling up and down my stalk, a little ugly larva."

"Where shall I lay my eggs?"



"Where shall I lay my eggs?" screamed the dragon-fly, and flew humming around from place to place, laid one here and one there, and finally seated itself, tired and weary, on one of the leaves.

"Well?" said the water-lily.

"Oh, it was better in the old days—much better," sighed the dragon-fly. "The sunshine is really delightful, and it is a real pleasure to fly over the water, but I have no time to enjoy it. I have been so terribly busy, I tell you. In the old days I had nothing to think about; now I have to fly about all

day long to get my silly eggs disposed of. I haven't a moment free. I have scarcely time to eat."

"Didn't I tell you so?" cried the water-lily in triumph. "Didn't I prophesy that your happiness would be hollow?"

"Good-bye," sighed the dragon-fly. "I have not time to listen to your disagreeable remarks. I must lay some more eggs."

But just as it was about to fly off the starling came.

"What a pretty little dragon-fly!" it said; "it will be a delightful titbit for my little ones."

Snap! it killed the dragon-fly with its bill, and flew off with it.

"What a shocking thing!", cried the water-lily, as its leaves shook with terror. "Those animals! those animals! They are funny creatures. I do indeed value my quiet, peaceful life. I harm nobody, and nobody wants to pick a quarrel with me. I am very luck—"

It did not finish what it was saying,



for at that instant a boat came gliding close by.

"What a pretty little water-lily!" cried Ellen, who sat in the boat. "I will have it!"

She leant over the gunwale and wrenched off the flower. When she

had got home she put it in a glass of water, and there it stood for three days among a whole company of other flowers.

"I can't make it out," it said on the



morning of the fourth day. "I have not come off a bit better than that miserable dragon-fly."

"The flowers are now withered," said Ellen, and she threw them out of the window.

So there lay the water-lily with its fine white petals on the dirty ground.

Thackeray's Correction.

A DISTINGUISHED foreigner, who was visiting Epsom Downs in the company of the author Thackeray, noticed many men dressed as sailors who were not, to native and experienced eyes, the genuine article.

"Ah," said the visitor, "these are, I presume, what you call your British tars?"

"Oh no," replied Thackeray; "these are only Epsom salts."

A Beautiful Picture and its Meaning.

THE beautiful picture on page 141 tells a well-known story from English history. It shows you a court of law, with one of the king's judges on the judgment seat. In front of the picture is Prince Hal, son of Henry the Fourth. You notice that the young prince looks very much ashamed of himself. Near him you see a prisoner with his hands tied behind his back. What is the meaning of the picture?

An old story tells us that when Hal was a young man he was very wild and lawless. He had many friends who were just as wild and lawless as he was, and with these friends he used to roam about at night, playing all sorts of pranks on quiet, unoffending people.

One night, in the midst of a street quarrel, the soldiers seized one of Hal's friends, and next day brought him before Judge Gascoigne. They did not seize Hal, because they dared not lay hands on the king's son.

When the judge was trying the prisoner, Hal walked into the court and ordered the judge to set the man free. The judge refused to do so, and told the prince that he ought to be ashamed of having such a man for his friend. Now Hal was very proud and quick-tempered, and he thought that no one had a right to speak to the king's son in such a manner. So angry was he that he strode up to the judge and lifted his hand to strike him.

At once the judge ordered the prince to be seized and held prisoner. Then he rose from his seat and said,—

"Sir, remember yourself. I stand here in place of the king, your father, to do his justice, and to make all men obey his laws. You have broken the king's law; you have striven to prevent me from doing the king's justice, and you have raised your hand to the king's judge. Your crime is great, and in the name of your father, the king, I order you to be sent to prison."

By this time Hal's anger had passed away. He understood that he had done wrong, and had set a bad example to those who were one day to be his subjects. He blushed with shame, and allowed the soldiers to lead him away.

When the king, his father, heard what had happened, he said,—

"Happy am I to have a judge who does not fear to punish even the king's son. Happier still am I to have a son wise enough to obey the law."

When his father died Hal became King Henry the Fifth. All the great men in the land came before him to wish him a long and happy reign. Amongst them was Gascoigne, the judge who had sent him to prison.

Hal saw the judge in the throng, and beckoned him to draw near. Then he clasped his hand warmly.

"Still be my judge," he cried. "Still do justice in the bold, fearless way in which you did it to me. No man is so worthy to be judge as you. Give me your help. I will listen to your advice, and I will look up to you as a father."

Some people tell us that this incident is not true, yet I think you will be glad to hear it, all the same. Some day I hope you will read the story as it is told by Shakespeare in *Henry IV*.



A PUZZLE LETTER.

Here is a puzzle letter. See if you can make it out.

The letter commences at the top left-hand square, and finishes at the bottom right-hand square. To read it you go from one square to the next, either upwards, downwards, sideways, or cornerwise, as the case may be. To help you, the first three squares are numbered 1, 2, 3.

[The Editor will award two book prizes for the best solution.]

*THE SERIAL STORY.*Smugglers' Island and the
Devil Fires of San Moros.

BY CLARISSA A. KNEELAND.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEREWITHAL SHALL WE BE CLOTHED ?

MARIAN'S grandmothers had known how to spin and weave, and as a little girl she herself had seen the old wheels and looms of her ancestors and had had their workings explained to her. But her childish mind had understood little, and the intervening years had wiped out much of that. Still, there remained a little—a wavering memory that she called up now and caused to supplement her grown-up knowledge of how such things must needs be worked out.

"I need two wheels, Delbert," she said, "and a band to go from one to the other as on mother's sewing-machine. One wheel must be small, and I think this spool will do. Jennie, you can wind off what's left of the thread on to this little stick instead. But where can I get the other wheel? It must be big."

"There's the bottom of the old barrel," suggested Delbert. "We can make something else to put on the Muggywah to carry things in."

"That's so," said Marian; "I could burn a hole through the centre to run an axle through, and another one to stick a handle in near the edge to turn it by."

"But doesn't the wheel have to have a groove on it? Mamma's machine wheel did—grooved, you know, so the band couldn't slip off."

"No; if I remember rightly, the big wheel on grandma's spinning-wheel was very wide, or had a wide tyre, and the band was so narrow there was no danger of its getting off. There probably was a groove on the little wheel, and our spool will fix that, you see, as well as if it had been made specially; but I don't see my way clear yet to making that barrel-bottom carry the band. Maybe I can char the edge and make a groove in it."

Investigation proved the bottom of the barrel to be made of two pieces, which would come apart as soon as the pressure of the staves was removed. That, however, was remedied by nailing two bits of boards across the two pieces.

Where did she get the nails? Well, she had been saving them up for a long time. Two of them had been in Davie's apron pockets when they came to the Island, and one had chanced to be lying in the bottom of the lunch-basket. The others had been picked up one time and another in bits of driftwood on the beaches. Most of these were too crooked and rusty to be good for much, but there were enough good ones to fasten the pieces of the barrel-bottom securely together. Then they knocked off the hoops and staves and released the round piece, and burned the centre hole, and another near the rim to put a handle in to turn it by, as Marian had said.

By this time she had abandoned the

idea of charring the edge and making a groove. She gathered a lot of little straight pieces about five inches long and varying in width, some round, but most little flat pieces, and in the centre of each she cut a V-shaped notch and pounded them down tight on the edge of the wheel till she had circled it entirely, in that manner, then tied two strings round near the ends of the little sticks to bind them so that they would not loosen up and come off.

She decided to use the same iron bar for an axle for the wheel to turn on that she had used to burn the holes in it with, and she pounded it into a crack in the rock wall of the wickiup. The outer end of the bar had a sort of knob on it—it might once have been a nut—so that the wheel would not slip off, and to keep it from wandering in the other direction up to the wall she twisted a bit of rope round the bar and tied it to make a good-sized knot on that side.

She was not quite satisfied with the rim of her wheel, and she worked a long while, weaving and winding fibre in and out till she had it all smooth, with no chance of any of the little pieces being knocked loose. For the rest of her apparatus she had to do some searching for materials. She spent a full half-day up in the pasture before she found what she had decided she must have—a straight little tree that divided into two branches about three feet up. She cut it close to the ground and trimmed off the top, leaving the forks about six inches long.

A piece of driftwood flat on one side

was taken for the base, and a hole was burned in the middle of it and enlarged till the forked stick could be inserted and made snug by driving in little pegs where it did not fit tight. Two little holes were burned through the two forks. She used a big old nail to do that, for she did not want such big holes as the bar would have made—besides, the bar was tight in the wall now with the big wheel swung on it. A little round stick that fitted snug into the spool was then made into a spindle. It turned nicely in the two little burned holes in the forks.

However, the standard was not heavy enough of itself to stand as firmly as would be required, so one end of the driftwood base was slipped under a rock projection, and then Delbert tugged in as big a rock as he could lift and set it down on the other end.

Now all that was lacking was a band to connect the two wheels. Marian crocheted this out of fibre, just wide enough to fit the spool.

Any of the children could turn the big wheel. Even Davie would be able when he got up. This left Marian's hands free to manipulate her cotton at the spindle.

Probably no spinning-wheel that was ever built was just like that one, but that did not disturb Marian's equanimity so long as her wheel would spin, and that it certainly did. True, her yarn was always lumpy; she never did get it so that she could make it smooth, but she was convinced that that was the fault of the manipulation of the cotton, for the wheel itself went quite swiftly and smoothly.

After she had spun up all their cotton, which included that from the wild cotton-tree, which she mixed in with that of the now flourishing bushes in the garden, she got out the little bundle of the combings of their hair; which she had saved ever since about the first of their being on the island, and she finally got that all spun into yarn too. It took as much time to prepare her material for spinning as it did to spin it, but the children helped with the cotton. They all, Davie included, got to be quite expert at picking out cotton seeds.

The next problem was weaving. Delbert was unexpectedly helpful at that. He knew nothing of his grandmother's loom, but once upon a time he had seen a woman weaving a rag carpet, and on that never-to-be-forgotten trip with Clarence and his father he had seen an old Indian weaving on a loom.

"There were two rollers," he told Marian. "One had the threads and the other had the carpet, and there were two little frame things something like as in a beehive, only with strings across, and when one jerked up it lifted up every other thread, and she'd throw the thing through, and then the other would jerk up, and that lifted the other every other thread, and she'd throw it back again and pound it down with a stick."

Marian drew a long breath. "Delbert," she said, "it sounds just like a nightmare."

Delbert stared. "Why," he said, "I can see it just as plain as can be, only I can't remember how it was made."

"Probably we couldn't make one just like it, anyway," she consoled him.

Indeed, after much cogitating, she decided that an actual loom was beyond their resources, just at that time, at least, and concluded to weave by the simple method followed by the Indians in weaving the *fajas*,* or narrow sashes the men wear. They had seen this done by an Indian woman at the Port.

This calls for two pairs of forks set in the ground, and two round sticks laid across the forks. The thread for the warp is wound round these sticks, from one to the other, over both and then under both; across and across, till the sticks are full.

A thin flat stick is then woven in under one thread and over the next of the top layer of threads, and then turned up on edge. This makes a space to pass the shuttle through, and the shuttle, by the way, is simply a slender stick with the filling wound on it.

Then the flat stick is pulled out and woven in again, and the process repeated again and again. As fast as is needed, the round sticks are turned over, thus turning the woven cloth underneath till all but a few inches of the warp has been woven. These threads are then cut, and form the fringe on the ends of the *faja*.

Marian changed the plan a little. Two little crotches were set in the floor of the wickiup just at the right height to be handy to work at. They had to dig up the floor to get them set

* Pronounced *fah'hahss*.

right, but when they were set, the children smoothed things over and packed the seaweed carpet down again.

A smooth round stick about as big as Marian's wrist was laid across the crotches. The other roller was much smaller around, and instead of being put on a pair of crotches was fastened to the side of the house with loops of rope, being just loose enough to turn easily in the loops.

Then came the task of wrapping the warp round the two rollers. It had to be very even and snug, and once in a while a thread would break and have to be tied, and altogether it called for a good deal of patience.

"I remember," said Delbert, "that on the carpet the lady wove this part was all red and green. She had a wide stripe of red in the middle and a wide stripe of green out a little way from it on both sides, and in between were narrow stripes, but, on the very outside, on each edge, there was a stripe of red just half as wide as the one in the centre, and she explained it to me. She said it was so that when the carpet was all sewed together it would make a red stripe just the same size as the one in the middle. The rags that she put in the other way were all kinds of colours."

"How came you to remember all that?" asked Jennie.

"Dunno, but I do."

When the warp was all ready, Marian tried weaving in the cross-thread with her darning needle, as she would have mended a sock; but that was altogether too long and tedious a process, so she hunted for

a thin flat stick such as the Indians have, to weave in and turn up on edge to hold the threads apart, while she slipped through a shuttle which she made of a weed stalk. That did better, but was not wholly satisfactory, and Delbert kept thinking and thinking, trying to remember how that part of the work had been done on the carpet-loom. He could not get it entirely clear in his head, but he finally evolved a plan that answered the purpose.

He arranged a pair of harnesses—though neither he nor Marian knew that that was their name—of two sticks wound with thread that looped down round the threads of the warp. These harnesses were connected by a rope that ran over a spool pulley that he fixed in the roof. Marian pulled this rope a little, and that lifted one of the harnesses, and with it every other thread of the warp; she thrust through her weed-stalk shuttle, then pulled that harness down, which released the upheld threads, at the same time lifting the harness, and with it all the other threads.

With this device she could accomplish two or three times as much in the same space of time, and she was not at all niggardly in her praise. Delbert glowed in consequence, and, of course, Esther glowed with him. Even Jennie, who was most apt to be a little sceptical of Delbert's abilities, had nothing but the most respectful remarks to offer on the subject.

With this crude loom they could weave a piece of cloth about a foot wide by six feet long, and the children were all so interested and eager to work at it, and it was such a simple

process, that they all easily learned ; so Marian did not have all the weaving to do.

As fast as she could, Marian replaced the rabbit-skin clothes with the newer, better ones, but the style of making was the same—low-necked, sleeveless dresses with rather scant, short skirts, for material was scarce. Delbert still clung to his "loin-cloth," and Marian was more than willing, it was so much simpler than trousers. Even David, for the sake of wearing some of the product of their combined labour, consented to be clothed like Delbert ; and as he found a loin-cloth did not impede his actions in any way, he continued to sport one from then on. There was one thing in favour of the new clothes : they certainly wore well ; there was no shoddy in them.

Gradually Jennie spent more and more time at the wickiup. For one thing, the children did not like to go off and leave Marian alone all the morning, and as Davie, now recovered but still having a slight limp, was growing so big that he could help appreciably, there was really no need for so many of them on the morning excursions.

So Jennie stayed with Marian. Her particular forte was making baskets. Jennie could make beautiful baskets. She wove them of straws and tough weeds and palm-leaf. Her only teachers were her memories of certain kindergarten lessons, the big basket they had brought their lunch in, and a rather blurry picture down in one corner of the old newspaper of a half-dozen Indian baskets with strange designs.

For the rest she taught herself, and when she once got interested in the work she wanted to do nothing else.

The ordinary rains did not inconvenience them, but when they were very severe the wickiup leaked a little down the rock wall. They had not been able to make the roof perfectly tight there, and the water, when the wind blew hard, would find its way down ; then they would have to remove whatever was hanging or leaning against that side, and Marian would turn back the seaweed carpet so that it should not get wet, and the water would run down the wall and soak into the sand and rocks of the floor. They enjoyed the big rains, though. They could always keep warm and dry, and the wickiup was big enough to allow each one to move about a little and follow whatever occupation he or she chose.

(To be continued.)

Golden Text for the Month.

God is able to make all grace abound toward you ; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work.—2 CORINTHIANS ix. 8.

Motto for August.

*For virtuous acts and harmless joys
The minutes will not stay ;
We have always time to welcome them
To-day, my friend, to-day.*

CHARLES MACKAY.

Sent in by VIOLET BENNETT,
New Road, Rubery, near Birmingham,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules :—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 160. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Aunt Mary," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers will be received later than **August 16.**

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for August.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested *not to enclose* stamps for replies, as these can in no case be sent.

In each Competition the Editor offers two prizes.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

Discuss the execution of Charles I. Was the Parliamentary party justified in its action? (The paper must not exceed 250 words.)

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing (a little larger) of the picture on page 1 of cover, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Write a paper (not to exceed 250 words) on the Trial of Jesus.

LETTER PUZZLE.

A traveller was told to visit only those cities

in the United States that have a population of one hundred thousand or over, the letters of which



are to be found on the outside of his suit case. The letters may be used as often as necessary. He visited fifteen cities. Which were they?

For Children under Twelve only.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

Tell in your own words the story of Cinderella.

TRANSPosed LETTER PUZZLE.

Im sehor ! ym rehso, ym gdmnoik rfo a erosh.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a yacht with sails, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Write from memory the story of Jephthah's daughter.

For Children under Ten only.

Write Aunt Mary a letter telling her about your summer holidays.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Make a drawing of a cauliflower, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

The Editor invites all to enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for June.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

1. Thomas Brayne, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop. 2. Arthur Lyle, 1 Easton Avenue, Cliftonville Road, Belfast. 3. Freda Combe, Hollist, Midhurst, Sussex.

Honourable Mention.—Kitty Tuke, St. Ronan's, Peebles; Madge Meikle, Bowling Green Terrace, Kirkliston; Frank Stratten, 150 Itchen, Stoke; Millie Middleton, Carlton, Cardowan Drive, Stepps; Ethel Pope, Kemberton School, Shifnal.

DOUBLE DECAPITATIONS COMPETITION.

1. Neil Wright, Ardenlea, Alford, Aberdeenshire. 2. Winnie Hiddleston, 9 Moorland View, Chesham, Bucks. 3. Andrew Brown, 38 Cyprus Avenue, Bloomfield, Belfast.

Honourable Mention.—Phyllis Morriss, 18 Hertford Street, Oxford; Robin Gray, 15 Lonsdale Terrace, Edinburgh; Trevor Moreton, 73 Hampton Road, Teddington; Jarvis Austin, Saughton Villa, Corstorphine.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

1. Margery Sexey, "Cranage," Broom Lane, Higher Broughton, Manchester. 2. Bessie Wilson, 21 Wallace Street, Stirling. 3. Cecilia Pattison, Green Mount, Grimshaw Lane, Bollington.

Honourable Mention.—Ethel Hebblethwaite, 21 Peterson Road, Wakefield; Mollie Brooke, 30 St. Mark's Road, Leeds; Winifred Abbott, The Laurels, Beacon Hill, Rednal, Birmingham; Nellie Gregory, C. of E. School, Minshull Vernon, near Crewe; Maudie Thompson, "Eirene," Whitehead, Co. Antrim.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. Minnie Hammond, Kemberton School, Shifnal. 2. Gertie Fisher, Fronks Road, Dovercourt Bay. 3. Doris King, Post Office, Parkes-ton, Essex.

Honourable Mention.—Monica Williams and Jessie Edwards, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton; Doris Beack, Wyvern, New Road, Rubery, Birmingham; Edith Stevens, Church Girls' School, Totnes.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

1. Dorothy Johnston, Strattonville, Meikleriggs, Paisley. 2. George Brayne, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

Honourable Mention.—Nellie Daniels, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

DROPPED LETTER COMPETITION.

1. Edwin Horn, Schoolhouse, Ivinghoe Aston, Tring. 2. David Miller, 9 Church Hill, Edinburgh. 3. Madge Lockwood, 145 Shields Road, Glasgow.

Honourable Mention.—Kathleen Holland, 129 Magdalen Road, Cowley Road, Oxford; Evelyn Douglas, 5 Mortonhall Road, Edinburgh; Ada Handley, The Lows, Swarkestone.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

1. E. Hammond, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop. 2. Violet Banks, 6 Oakland Road, Dovercourt.

Honourable Mention.—Clive Dunn, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Elizabeth Call, 38 Crown Drive, Inverness; Cuthbert Mardell, The School, Ivinghoe Aston, Tring.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

1. Eileen Driver, Miranda Cottages, Wrabness, Manningtree. 2. Nellie Daniels, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Honourable Mention.—George Cross and Ethel Pope, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Edith Stevens, Church Girls' School, Totnes; Robina Wilson, 164 Auchinair Road, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow.

LETTER COMPETITION.

1. Leslie Hart, 30 Granville Road, Watford. 2. Ella Henderson, Featherhall Street, St. John's Road, Corstorphine.

Honourable Mention.—James Willets, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Margery Salmon, Clifford Chambers, Stratford-on-Avon; Joan Drake, St. Breca, Rubery, Birmingham.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

1. Harry Abbot, The Laurels, Beacon Hill, Rednal, Birmingham. 2. Ernest Crole, 103 Hertford Street, Landport, Portsmouth.

Honourable Mention.—Marion Codd, Church Girls' School, Totnes; Richard Bristow, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring, Herts; Zoe Stericker Mayles, Cobham, Surrey; Marjorie Moore, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton.

POSTMARK COMPETITION.

1. Gwendoline Bickerton, 126 Magdalen Road, Oxford. 2. Winnie Bristow, The School, Ivinghoe Aston, Tring.

Honourable Mention.—James Innes, 519 Holburn Street, Aberdeen; James Carson, 9 Market Street, Lurgan, Ireland.

CHILDREN'S PAPER COMPETITION FORM.

August.

Name.....

Age last Birthday.....

Address.....

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.

NELSON'S NEW LIBRARY

FOR
BOYS, GIRLS, AND CHILDREN

By the Best Authors. **1s. 6d. net**

Each Volume is Illustrated and attractively Bound in Cloth

TITLES JUST PUBLISHED

BOYS.

*SECRET SERVICE SUBMARINE.	GUY THORNE.
DOING HIS BIT.	TOM BEVAN.
HIGHWAY PIRATES.	HAROLD AVERY.
PRESTER JOHN.	JOHN BUCHAN.

GIRLS.

*WASTE CASTLE.	W. M. LETTS.
OLIVE ROSCOE.	EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN.
KITTY TRENIRE.	MABEL QUILLER-COUCH.
BOSOM FRIENDS.	ANGELA BRAZIL.

CHILDREN.

*THE GREEN TOBY JUG.	MRS. EDWIN HOHLER.
TELL ME SOME MORE.	MARY FEW.
THE STORY OF HEATHER.	MAY WYNNE.
SIX DEVONSHIRE DUMPLINGS.	MARGARET BATCHELOR.

** August Issues.*

New Titles by Favourite Writers will be published at regular intervals.

ASK YOUR BOOKSELLER TO SHOW YOU THIS INTERESTING
NEW SERIES, WHICH IS DELIGHTING EVERY ONE.

NELSON BOOKS
MERIT HAS MADE THEM FAMOUS.

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, Ltd.
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

NELSON'S REWARD & GIFT BOOKS



The Patsy Book.

6s. net.

By ANNE ANDERSON. A handsome book of colour plates and many black-and-white illustrations.

The Betty Book.

6s. net.

Another beautiful picture book by ANNE ANDERSON. Coloured plates and black-and-white illustrations.

Nursery Rhymes. Quarto. 5s. net.

With Pictures by CLAUD LOVAT FRASER. Illustrated by a series of highly original drawings in brilliant colouring and numerous drawings in black and white. Binding design by the artist.

Midshipman Rex Carew, V.C. 6s. net.

A stirring tale by J. S. MARGERISON of a boy's experiences in the Navy.

Scouts for Serbia.

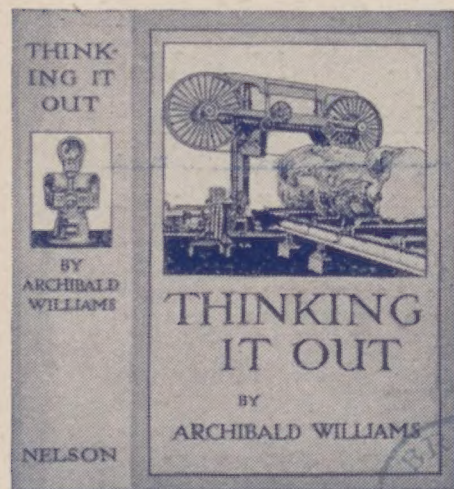
5s. net.

A thrilling tale of the War, by M. WYNNE, author of "Henry of Navarre."

Smugglers' Island.

5s. net.

Recounts the adventures and experiences of a number of young people who were marooned on an island.



"HOW IT WORKS."

Recreative and Instructive Volumes by ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.
6s. net each.

List of Titles:—

Thinking It Out.

Things to Make.

How It is Made.

How It Works.

Victories of the Engineer.

T. NELSON & SONS, Ltd. (incorporating T. C. & E. C. JACK, Ltd.),
LONDON AND EDINBURGH.